SUPPLEMENT TO THE

Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME I.] SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1829. [NUMBER 25.

For Passage to Sidney

To call at the Swan River,

THE TEAK SHIP

CUMBERLAND,

500 TONS,

ANTHONY STEEL, COMMANDER.

APPLY to Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS.

Rampart Row, 25th July, 1829.

NOTICES.

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Bombay, Gazette Office, 25th July, 1829.

FOR SALE, at the Gazette Office, a few copies of the Trial of

CAPTAIN J. BETHAM,

H. C. MARINE,

PRICE RUPEES 5.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.—Lieut. and Adjt. James Carr, N. Invalid Bn.

SHIPPING REPORT.

BOMBAY.

DEPARTURES.

JULY 24th.—Brig Rifleman, (Free Trader) A. Blesedale Master, to Cape of Good Hope.

Domestic Occurrences.

BIRTHS.—On the 16th Instant the lady of J. Saunders Esq. of a Son.

In the Fort on the 22nd Instant, the wife of Mr. Henry Enderwick Artificer, New Mint of a Son.

ERRATUM.

We beg our readers will correct an error which inadvertently crept into the Letter from our Correspondent N. on the Cotton Trade, in last Wednesday's Paper, and read for *Kurburree, Hurburree.*

Exchange &c.

On London,	at 6 months sight	1 | 9½
Bengal,	at 30 days sight, 110.	per 100
Madras,	at 30 days sight, 100½	per 0 | 0

BAZAR VALUE OF COMPANY'S PAPER.

Remittable notes 140 Bombay Rs. per 0 | 0 Siccas.
Unremittable do. 107½ do. per 0 | 0 do
Notes of the present 5 per Cent Loan opened at Bengal on the 18th August 1825, selling at 110 B'by, per 0 | 0 Siccas.

PRICE OF BULLION.

Spanish Dollars..... 100 per 220 per B'by Rs
German Crowns..... 100 per 213 Ditto.

FREIGHTS.

London.....Per Ton. £2 | 10
China..... Per Candy, Nominal.

We are still without any Arrivals from England, although it is to be hoped, that the anxiety that prevails for the receipt of European Intelligence will soon be appeased by the arrival either of the *Eleanor* or, the *Hero of Malown*, both which Ships were to leave England at the beginning of April.

The Hon'ble Company's *Ship Hastings* Lieut. Loughton Bombay Marine, Commander, lately transfered to the Government of Prince of Wales Island, and now lying in the Madras Roads, has we understand been retransferred to this Presidency, and may be expected in this Harbour very shortly. She is the largest Vessel in the Marine Service, and has lately been employed on a Voyage of Service to the Dutch Settlements at Java and Sumatra. She returned to Penang only a short time before her departure for Bombay.

The Neriede Yatch from Calcutta, has been stationed at Penang for the purpose of conveying the Governor to and from the Settlement of Singapore and Malacca.

MADRAS.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

DEPARTURES.

JULY 12th.—Ship General Palmer Captain W. Thomas to St. Helena and London.

Passengers per Ship General Palmer for London.—Mrs. Paulin, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Taggart, Mrs. Crokat, Mrs. Schroeder, Mrs. Smith, Misses Teed, Clement and Lamb, Major Baron Kutzleben.—Captains Crokal, Mundellan and Glasgow: Lieutenants Whitcombe and Dewes; Ensign Moore, Mr. Schroeder Veterinary Surgeon, Mr. Orr, Assistant Surgeon, Mr. Beaucroft, two Masters Westons, Mr. Hargrave. Mrs. Roberts and two children, servant to Mrs. Crokat;

CALCUTTA.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

JULY 4th.—The English Ship Earl of Morly, T. W. T. Warford, from London 9th May, 1828, and Penang 16th June, 1829.

— The Morning Star, (bark) Vaillant, (French) Falcon and Burrell, (barks) and the Shaw Byramgore, off Calcutta on Friday.

Passengers per Morning Star from London.—Messrs. Forde, and W. Moore. Merchants; Cadet F. Colebrooke. From Madras.—Mr. Torrens.

Per Falcon, from China.—Messrs. Clamagerun and Caine, Merchants. From Singapore.—Captain J. W. Whittle, Mr. Krafting, Son of the late Governor of Serampore.

Per Burrel, from London.—Mr. H. Ross.

VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

The Burrell spoke the Lord William Bentick, from China, on the Equator long 25. 50. W. April 9. 1829. Signalized to the David Clark, 24th June, from Calcutta, lat 16. 10. N. long 85. 23. E.

THE BENGAL HURKARU.—JULY 4.

It is amusing to witness the extravagancies in which the fury of the intolerants is betraying them. Formerly every man who ventured to insinuate, that a reform in Parliament was required—that people were not represented, was a vile radical and incendiary. What would have been said to them if they had talked of disowning the King and altering the succession? The law officers of the crown would have been called for to visit these traitorous demagogues with the utmost vengeance of the law, and not a journal would have dared to offer a sentence in palliation of such awful disloyalty. Yet now we find the *Morning Journal* proposing such a *dreadful* course as that of disowning the King, and the *Standard* contending for the propriety of altering the succession because the heir presumptive has dared to promulgate in Parliament sentiments which he has long been known to entertain, and in which he is countenanced by many of the first men in the kingdom in point of intellect and rank!

The *India Gazette* of yesterday, has well exposed the rant about the Protestant Constitution. A constitution, says our contemporary, "which derived its essential features from our Pagan ancestors"; but to come down to Christain æras what was the religion of the State when the Barons compelled the miserable despot John to sign the Magna Charta? To whom do we owe that instrument providing that justice should not be sold, denied or deferred to any one? securing the protection of persons and property and trial by peers, securing generally in fact, the liberty of the subject? To men professing that very religion now said to be *hostile to all liberty* and in an age when it was a state religion in our country. Is it possible then to listen with patience to venerable statesmen prating about our Protestant Constitution.

CHINA.

IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

On the 10th day of the 10th moon (1828) His Majesty published at Peking a Manifesto addressed to the whole Empire, that all the world might hear it. The subject of it is, the affair of Prince *Changkihur*, which has already been detailed in the Canton Register. The document begins in the same pompous style as His late Majesty Keaking addressed George the Third, King of Great Britain, by (or rather, against) the Ambassador Lord Amherst; thus,

"The Great Potentate who has received from Heaven and Revolving Nature"—the Government of the world, &c.

The History of Changkihur's ancestors is alluded to; the mistaken clemency of former Emperors in not exterminating the race is by implication censured; the divine facility with which the late rebellion was suppressed, is lauded; the conduct of the Mahomedan *Pihkik* (Query *Pachas?*) throughout Turkistan in siding with the Imperial troops, is praised—and the whole proceedings from first to last noticed in the most classical and laconic style that the Chinese Language admits of.

After that, directions follow for expressions of gratitude by adoration and sacrifice to the whole frame of Nature—the circular heavens and the square earth; holy ancestors, and divine forefathers; to the bridges which afforded a passage for His Majesty's troops and the hills on which they trod, &c.

On the 8th day of the 11th moon of the 8th year of *Tao-Kwang*, the Kings, Princes, Nobles, Great officers of State, civilians, and military being all assembled, presented, as a part of this great thanks giving on a gem Tablet a new, name or Title, to the Holy Mother, the Empress Dowager. The Title refers entirely to her virtues as a wife and mother, including veneration for her Husband, and tenderness to her children chastity and benevolence.

Then follow eighteen topics by which gratitude is to be expressed to superior, powers and kindness to inferiors.

The five great Mountains and four great Rivers of China are to be sacrificed to, by special personages sent by his Majesty. The same is to be done to the Tombs of Emperors, of all preceding generations; and to Confucius, at his native place, in Shantung Province. Temples and Tombs of ancient Emperors and Kings are to be sougth out and repaired by Governors of Provinces: the deceased parents of civil and military officers, are to receive Titles of honour: Generals and Subalterns who have fought for their country, are to be forgiven all misdemeanors; Students at the National College are to have a months holiday. All the military in Peking whether Manshur Tarters, *Mungkoos*, or Chinese, are to receive a largess of one month's extra pay; the armed police in Peking are to receive an extra month's pay; all local Magistrates, who were blameable, when the grand Army passed through—if not guilty of pundering the public stores, are to be forgiven. The troops at Cashgar who owe money for clothing are to be allowed three years to pay it in; wounded and old soldiers are to be rewarded; maimed soldiers who can no longer serve may get a relation to act for them, and receive the pay. All offences not capital are to receive a mitigated punishment; Tartar soldiers who may have deserted before the term of service was up, if they did not run away with arms or horses, are to receive mercy. Important roads are to be repaired at the expense of Government and Hospitals for widowers; widows, fatherles children, and childless old men, are to be carefully attended to. The Manifesto closes with language of gratulation, declaring that the recent happy occurrences diffuse happiness throughout the Universe. I then commands that these things be published, in such a way that all under the canopy of Heaven may hear them.

"Oh how pleasant (exclaims His Majesty) the blessing of peace and tranquility which I have received from on High! Throughout the Universe, which unites in the perfect volume, all that exists, the glories of the Empire are diffused! I inherit the splendours, which the Illustrious deeds of my ancestors originated. And I have received an ocean of influence from the Triad (*) of *Imparitial* Powers, *Heaven, Earth* and the *Light* of Sun and Moon!"—*Canton Register, March* 16.

English Extracts.

THE DEATH OF ALICE BLAND.

Ah! if in after years
The tale that I am dead, shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed over my grave a few sad tears.

BARRY CORNWALL.

(From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.)

AUSTIN, I am domiciled once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that embower your mansion. Your Laura, matronized in her beauty, hails me every morning with her benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me, if you find my pen dwell too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the prolixity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our seperation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I a heedless and, perhaps, somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to exchange my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother; but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household hearth.

Five years afterwards, my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Ebro, that he joined our banner—as brave and generous-hearted a youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month, you saw him stricken down lifeless at my side. Green, for ever green, be the Navarrese valley in which his young bones moulder! A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dewed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his stoneless grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds, and dusky as Moors, from five years' exposure to a burning sun—honoured, too, with some memorials of our services, we looked forward, Austin, with pride and joy, to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations—at the very moment when we heard the shouts of thousands of our home-returning soldiers, sweeping over the blue waved Garonne, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac and Mississippi testified; and there we buried many of the bravest of our band—men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as shortlived as before. While other corps sailed homewards, the vessels in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicane, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that had bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished under its shade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succour.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commisserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities, had generously resolved, that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die without an effort being made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the first opportunity to debark? I question much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harrassing to the heart, as the apprehansion of impending evil—that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice on her bier; and my trembling lips could scarcely give utterance to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone barely a fortnight, and I determined to fellow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony, to transact in England; but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried whether a brother's presence could not re-invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame.

Avranches, a small town in the south-western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was to embark in one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that Island run across in a French market boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan, I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St. Helier; and ere the sun went down beyond the waves we were ploughing, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the Perilous Corbiere. The wind blew stiffly from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier, I made immediate inquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several barks belonging to that port lay moored in the harbour and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs, were lingering on the quay anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put sea, until the wind should chop about into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely requisite I tried to curb my impatience; and to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was the middle of September. The harvest had been some time reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mont Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Cape de la Hogue to Mont St. Michel. The rock-strewn channel that intervenes, was coverd with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mont Orguiel—half hurried among leaves and blossoms—is a bumble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly-foliaged trees embower it, and in summer the smiling parsonage is literallary covered with the fragrant parasitical plants the climb its walls, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burrying-ground, and gazed listlessly at the head-stones that crowd it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here, after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the suavity of a barrack-room, and the turmoil of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle at my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvas-homes—some had pined & died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of their paternal hearths. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but what was left to take pride in my honours? No one save Alice,—and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad, even unto death.

I was roused from my moralizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent looking matron—the other, one of those sylphid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished fore-head; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes, and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist she ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services; and when I learned that their object was to visit a grave in the cemetry, I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings round her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to their vehicle' "let me be buried in this quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns."—Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct. I reseated them in their car, and they drove away.

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me, like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of their plaintive voice. Even in the watches of the night, she flitted like a beatified vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams, and brought the master of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put to sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unseasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in a fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

Le Curieux was a decked shallop of about twenty tons, miserably found in sails and cordage, and manned by four of a crew—all Frenchmen—but only two of them able seamen. Vidal, the master, was a fine looking young fellow, with black eyes and florid cheeks and a bright crimson-coloured handkerchief tied round his sinewy neck. We got on board under the lee of Elizabeth Castle, and in a short time the anchor was weighed, and we stood out to sea. The breeze was northerly, consequently we easily weathered the labyrinth of submarine rocks that fence the south eastern shore of the island. The broken clouds that covered the firmament, and a long line of breakers about ten miles to the leeward, occasioned by the surf beating on the perilous Minquis, presaged a boisterous voyage. I looked with some alarm at my female charges, especially the younger, who could not be prevailed upon to take shelter in the horrid hole called a cabin,—but Vidal re-assured me, by asserting that if the wind held for six hours in a favourable quarter he would, at the end of that time, land us at Granville, of which a bluff promontory, visible on the eastern horizon, indicated the site. The old lady soon became sadly affected with the malady incidental to novices at sea, but her companion, as is not unusual with invalids, was not tormented by it. She sat down under the shelter of the weather bulwark, and I exerted myself to make her forget the discomfort of her situation by cheerful converse. I experienced an undefinable happiness in this employment. There was a sympathetic tie that drew me insensibly towards the stranger, at once indescribable and delicious. I had seen thousands of beautiful eyes in my wandering, and you, Austin, can bear testimony that they shot not their glances at me always in vain; but here were eyes that spoke language that no others had ever spoken. She was eloquent too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image."

At noon, notwithstanding the prediction of Vidal, we had only accomdlished something more than half our voyage, for the wind had been hourly falling off, point after point. Chausey—a clustre of bare rocky islets in the mouth of the great bay of Mont St. Michel—was behind us, and slowly but steadily we gained upon the precipitous head land on which Granville is perched. An additional hour of favourable weather would have brought us safe into port, when suddenly the wind chopped round due east, and blue directly adverse with all the fury of an autumnal gale. The sea became a sheet of foam, furrowed by dark valleys, and our vessel barely sea worthy. rode heavily through the waves. Still, with our destined port so near, we did not like to yield to the elements, and though only one of his crew stood by our gallant captain, he kept her prow to the weather in at least ten successive tacks. The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stem. I saw her strength was waning rapidly and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in token of dissent. "I shall suffocate there," was her answer; "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven."

At length our steersman saw that it was useless to contend with the head wind that annoyed us. The helm was put about, and we stood away direct for Chausey, among whose rocks Vidal expected to find shelter for the night—an adventure rarely attempted, but still our only hope, seeing that we could not, with the smallest prospect of safety, approach Jersey after sun-set. I now tried to encourage my charge, by holding out a prospect of a speedy termination to our disaster. "Before darkness sets in," said I, "we shall be snugly moored among yonder rocks; and Vidal assures me that there is a hut on them inhabited by a kelp-burner, where you can safely pass the night."

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she; "but, in reality I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my deportment. What does it signify, since God wills that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure pregress of disease! It is here"—she laid her hand on her heart—"that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amid these turbulent waves!"

"An orphan," said I, and I took her hand and looked steadily on her face—"how deeply—how very deeply these words affect me! I took am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair, and desolate as yourself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wandering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to lie down in death on your breast! *My* brother is far far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever."

Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stifling my words—"Powers of Mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."

"Talbot Bland!"

I clasped her to my breast, and wept, as I exclaimed "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart."

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes, and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words, died away in sighs. I saw, when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strenght. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How gladly would I have bartered the rank and honours that years of perilous service had won to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, were her spirit might calmly pass away!

At the twilight we ran under the lee of Chausey; and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks expressed the depth of her sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hovel in which we had been taught to look for shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded, It was a rude hut, formed of planks, and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the years, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are-and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble.

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protestress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and sailors. Her congratulation I pass over. She the subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice alone that I would speak.

We had some sea-stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a rusk in wine, and put it to my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at lenght the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her; and the crew of Le Curieux, and the kelp-burner's family, gathered round the fire of dried *fusi* which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the *Livre Noir* of Contances told of a Seigneur de Hambye having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the annals of the state prison of Mont St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings and watching the flight of the imperishable spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day-break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from shallop alone lighted the *cabane*. All my fellow-voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing placidly into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. nevertheless, I longed earnestly for the light of the morning, and, for a moment, went to the th[illegible] fold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just lifting his broad disc above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the *cabane*, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned not my pressure—the lids of her eyes were half unclosed! but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to hers, but they were cold and breathless. Alice was dead.

Austin, her story is told. From the shelterless rock on which she died I carried her remains to St. Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast.—

THE MORNING CHRONICLE MARCH 12.

By the terms in which the second section of Mr. PEEL's Roman Catholic Relief Bill is couched, Mr. O'CONNELL will be excluded the benefit of the measure, he *having been returned as a Member of the House of Commons before the commencement of* the Act. Though the Act might have been so worded as to prevent Mr. O'C's exclusion, he may, however, be reelected, and sit by virtue of such subsequent election and return. The section is as follows:—

"And be it enacted, That from and after the commencement of this Act, it shall and may be lawful for any person professing the Roman Catholic religion, being a peer, or who shall after the commencement of this Act be returned as a Member of the House of Commons, to sit and vote in either House of Parliament respectively, being in all other respects duly qualified to sit and vote therein, upon taking and subscribing the following oath, instead of the oaths of Allegiance, Abjuration, and Supremacy, and instead of making and subscribing the Declaration against Transubstantiation and the Invocation of Saints and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as practised in the Church of Rome."

A clause in the Bill, as printed, introduces a restriction (of which Mr. PEEL, gave no previous intimation) on the exercise of the Church of Rome. It prohibits the exercise of those rites, and the wearing such habit, except *within the usual places of worship of the Roman Catholic religion, or in private houses*, with a further saving of the previlege conceded by Lord PLUNKET's Burial Act, the 5th Geo. IV., cap. 25. Upon referring to this last mentioned Act, we find that it legalises the celebration of the funeral service, and by consequence the use of the sacerdotal habit of the Roman Catholic or any other Dissenting Church or congregation within the churchyards of Protestant Churches, provided the consent of the officiating Minister of the Established Church in whose church-yard the burial be shall have been previously obtained. But this Act and the new Bill afford no exemption from penalty in the case of a cemetery attached to a Roman Catholic place of worship, or exclusively used by persons of that communion. At this hour the performance of Roman Catholic ceremonies and the use of the habit are both perfectly free; and we believe the episcopal habit was worn in the presence of the KING, when he gave audience to the Roman Cathoic Bishops, in Dublin Castle. It is clear the Bill needs amendment in this particular; and as no offensive use of the indulgence hitherto enjoyed has ever been made, the best amendment would be to strike out the clause altogether. Such a thing as a Procession of the Host has never been seen in Ireland nor any other such exhibition. It is common, however, to see a Priest celebrate Mass in the open air, or hold a "station for Confession in the fields—his congregation being too large to be included in a private house, and too poor to erect a house of worship. There are also other perfectly innocent devotional practices with which the proposed restriction would very needlessly interfere. We hope to see it abandoned.

JOHN BULL,—MARCH 8.

NEWARK ELECTION.

MR. SERJEANT WILDE, one of her late MAJESTY'S Counsel, and who, with his lady, (*ci-devant* DEVAYNES) was one of that pious, tranquillizing, English-hating, mob-loving lady's particular personal friends and protectors, having been *thereunto stimulated by the King's Ministers*, accompanied by Mr. PEARSON, the *Radical attorney*—mercy on us, what a mess!—proceeded (to the manifest detriment of the great system of six and eight pennyism by which he exists), to expose (propose we mean) himself at Newark-upon-Trent as the GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE against Mr. SADLER, the friend of that genuine, true, fearless, and consistent supporter of the KING and CONSTITUTION—the Duke of NEWCASTLE. The result has been that, which Government saw, but did not expect, at Oxford; the tool is beaten, defeated. Mrs. WILDE exclaimed, when she saw the state of the poll, "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" Serjeant WILDE, who is quite *tame* in Lamb's Conduit-street, or wherever he

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lives, felt this bitterly; but he was told not to put himself into a *stew*, by the best authority he could have had in his House upon such a subject.

What we have collected from Newark would fill our paper,-all we select, is the following, song, which we recommend to our readers as a specimen of the popularity that Serjeant CATCHPOLE enjoyed there. We ought however, to add, that to the said Serjeant's professional abilities we are ready to bear testimony—he pleaded our cause ably, against some fool who once prosecuted us, but we paid him very well for it; and if the fool whom we beat, had done the same, he would have pleaded just as well against us—so small thanks to SERJEANT WILDE. The song follows:—

THE WILDGOOSE CHASE.

A NEW SONG FOR THE NEW CANDIDATE.

All in the Court of Common Pleas
There sat a *common* Serjeant,
At right and wrong to carp and tease,
And lessen or enlarge ou't;
Quoth he, my Pleas have pelf beguil'd,
And now I'll plead for place, Sir,
So off went Mr. Serjeant Wilde,
All on a Wildgoose chase Sir.

I'll be of Patriots the chief,
For they turn placemen chiefly;
And so he threw up every brief,
(But he'll be thrown up briefly),
I'll set the forks at clapper claw;
So off the Serjeant went, Sir,
All with another limp of Law,
To Newark-upon-Trent, Sir,

"Tis whip and spur, and wear and tear,
"We must not lose a minute,
"A coach and four, and chaise and pair,"
(The last with *nothing in it*)
Oh! how the Blues did rant and roar,
Huzza! the Reds are undone;
Four Lawyers in a coach and four,
And all the way from London! !

The first was Mr. Serjeant WILDE,
Who on the whole look'd *wildish*,
Then lawyer, HILL so meek and mild,
Whose talk was some what childish.
Of t'other two the names' enough,
The ass that has his ears on,
At once will say that's *quantum suff*,
'Twas DYMOKE WELLS and PEARSON,

But I'll each cutting taunt forbear,
At them or their employers;
For they two fit Attornies were,
To bring in two such Lawyers.
The Serjeant comes to rave and rant
And with your foes to cope, Sirs,
And show himself a PROTESTANT,
By voting for the POPE, Sirs.

The lawyer comes with quip and quirk,
Your minds with wrath to fill, Sirs,
But some folks think that's up-Hill work,
And so thinks lawyer HILL, Sirs.
The Serjeant wink'd and rubbed his sconce,
And look'd about him gaily,
"I was a low attorney once,
"My father, a Bum Bailey;

"Yet see! my team this glorious hour,
"My learned feiends' surpasses,
"Their Coach is drawn by Horses four,—
"My Chaise by twenty Asses."

ODDS AND ENDS.

FUSELI used to say, that people were willing to be thought old to have seen GARRICK. He also said that Mr. KEAN, in the third act of *Othello*, rose to a level with the genius of the author. For ourselves, we would give fifty pounds to see GARRICK; and another fifty to have seen Mrs. ABINGTON. We do not count our riches—we *have* seen Mrs. SIDDONS, Mrs JORDAN, and Madame PASTA. On the score of low comedy, Mrs. JORDAN left us nothing to desire in voice, face, manner; but there has been no perfect actress in the genteel walk of comedy in our recollection, nor, we believe, since Mrs. ABINGTON, in whose praise all voices concur, some of them tremulous at once with age and with enthusiasm. Miss FARREN, whom we just remember going off the stage, had the forms of fashion, without the spirit and effect; she was in that class but a feeble and lifeless specimen. Mademoiselle MARS is the best we have seen; but she does not fill up the idea in our minds of the infinite store of graces, blandishments, and nameless witcheries that belong to that description of character—such as we read, such as we dream of. She is the obstruncated statue of comedy; but without the drapery, the air, the flutter about it. Some of the little French actresses have more of the winning way, the playful attraction; but then they *are* little, and by no means fit to *top* the parts of a *Millamant* or an *Angelica*.

THE FAMILY OF TALMA.

A French paper of last week, with much delicacy and humanity, called the attention of the Parisian public, and particularly of the admirers of the drama, to the desolate situation of the mother-in-law and sister of Talma, the great ornament of the French stage. Talma's father, as most of our readers know, resided in London, and after the deaths of Talma's mother, married an English lady, by whom he had a daughter. This daughter, married to an Englishman of the name of Hodgkin, (who occupies an insignificant place in one of the public offices,) has since the death of her father and brother, contributed to the support of her widowed mother who is represented as in a state bordering on destitution. If the account in the French journal be correct (and there is no reason to believe it exaggerated), Madame Talma, the mother of the celebrated actor, would in this country be considered as having an irresistible claim to parish relief. Her daughter, who is said to be a woman of education and accomplishments, is herself reduced to great straits from an impossibility of finding employment as a teacher, and from the inadequate income of her husband. To relieve such pressing distress, to rescue from the degradation of a public almshouse, the mother and relatives of the great ornament of the French tragic stage, the *Journal des Debats* proposes a benefit at the *Theatre Francais*, the scene of Talma's triumphs. It is to be hoped that this appeal to the liberality, and to the honest pride of our neighbours, will not be made in vain,—a feeling which we express certainly with not the less fervour, that this widowed and destitute relative of the great French artist is our own countrywoman. Might not the company of French performers at the English Opera-house, and even those of our great theatres, be invited to aid this fund of charity, and to unite more closely in mutual sympathy the admirers of dramatic talent on both sides of the water, by giving likewise a benefit for the mother of Talma, who was known to several of our chief actors?

The following is the plan adopted by the Russian millers in making flour.—The dried wheat is first well sifted, and thoroughly cleaned, then moistened a little, but not to much, so that the grain cannot be squeezed between the fingers. After it has lain 24 hours, it is sifted again; next put into the bolters and ground coarsely, and going through the bolters on the finest sieve is bruised in such a manner that the large husks, which fly over the fine sieve, are quite free from flour; the fine meal that falls through the last sieve is the best and purest flour, and then this flour is filed or run through again several times, according to the degree of fineness required. The stones must not grind too fine at once, or it gives the flour a reddish tint. If the wheat is ordinary and black pointed, it is, after being sifted, put into a tub and washed; but this process must be done as quick as possible, to prevent the wheat from getting too soft, and after it has thus been washed it is put into platted straw baskets to drain off the water; and should it prove still too wet, it is mixed with half dry wheat. This is to be done immediately after the washing, otherwise it is too late, and the water is drawn into the grain.

THE ATLAS:—MARCH 1,

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

[*From Ackermann's Repository of Fashions.*]

DINNER DRESS.—Dress of white satin or *Gros de Naples*; the body made close to the shape, and nearly covered with white *tulle* drapery, which rises in a fan like direction from the centre of the waist, and spreads in regular folds across the bosom, displaying the form to much advantage; the back is made in the same manner, and has a narrow band of white satin where it closes; the sleeves are full and short, with the least possible shoulder-straps; the skirt has three plaits on each side in front; and is trimmed with a broad full flounce of *tulle*, having a stiffened satin band at the edge; it is put on in a straight line, and alternately fastened up and down by white satin corded leaves; *ceinture* of white satin. *Vienna toyne* of *tulle* and white satin, formed of large bows, on loops of folded *tulle* standing up very high and open, inserted in a satin band in front, and passing over towards the crown; two bows of broad satin riband are placed on the right side and bows and ends behind, below two spreading bows of folded *tulle*. Long white kid gloves, stamped; white satin shoes.

OPERA DRESS.—White *tulle* dress, over a white satin slip; the body *en draperie*, regulated in the centre by a perpendicular white satin *rauliear*; the drapery rises in a point from the waist, and spreads very full, in small regular folds, across the bust as far as the shoulders, which are a good deal displayed; the sleeves being placed low, they are large to the wrist, where they are terminated by broad gold Egyptian bracelets, confining the white kid gloves. In the centre of the bust is an elegant Egyptian brooch, with pendant drops, corresponding in delicate workmanship with the ear-rings, which are also of gold; the skirt has tucks to within a quarter of a yard of the waist, they are placed close to each other, and are about a finger's length in depth; the fullness of the skirt is principally at the back, but it is slightly continued at the front and sides. White satin sash. Large black velvet hat, white a white satin bow, just within the brim on the left side; a plume of white ostrich feathers placed behind, are arranged with the greatest taste; one extends to the front, where it is attached to the crown, and turned for the end to play freely; a second is fastened to the top of the crown, twisted, and falls over to the front; two more twisted way, fall gracefully towards the right shoulder. Cloak of striped lilac satin, with an elegant border, formed by a perpendicular embroidered sprig being placed between each stripe; the cloak is wadded, and lined with white satin and fastened by a goldcolour silk cork and tassels; it has a large square collar, and a larger square cape, reaching below the other. White satin shoes.

THE TEA MONOPOLY.

FEW of our readers are unaware that under the glorious Constitution the people of these happy kingdoms enjoy a larger share of taxation than any other country in the world. But it is not so well understood, that, besides the privileges which are an Englishman's birthright, the greatness to which we are born, there is also greatness thrust upon us. There are, in addition to the grand taxing instrument of Crown and Aristocracy, which draws from us thousands for new palaces, and milions for squire-produced bread;—in addition to the big engine which does these things, there are also various smaller engines for cognate purposes, which, though thrown into the shade by the parent machine, the mighty mother of tax and monopoly, would yet be considered of very respectable size in any other country. Among these, one of the largest and most effective specimens of political mechanism is the East India Company. The object of the effort of legislative ingenuity which produced the Company, is the prevention af Indian production and commerce, and the abstraction of as much money as possible from Englishmen in general. We have the highest opinion of the skill of the contrivers and managers, when engaged for *such* purposes; but we must say that we doubt whether they could have so completely succeeded but for the fortunate accident that Tea is the favourate beverage of England, and the production of no other country but China. Here was a happy combination of circumstances, and here a glorious field for the display of hereditary wisdom and the guidance of monopolizing greediness! The taste of tea! Good Heavens! can any impediment to the gratification of so criminal a desire be too complete and efficacious? Free trade with China! Why, there is no saying—we defy Sir Thomas Gooch, or Lord Eldon, to declare to what pitch of cheapness, to how universal a popularity, this criminal and infamous herb might attain, if we were not saved by the East India Company! Will our country prove ungrateful? Alas! we fear it! More especially as we have just read the last 'Report of the Committee of the Liverpool East India Association, on the subject of the Trade with India, in which there is some very irreverent mention of the Company's monopoly. We hold up some extracts to the indignation of our readers:

'The following table, exhibiting the comparative prices of English and Dutch teas, in 1772, will afford a very curious, and a very instructive exposure of the Company's evasions of the Statutes made for the protection of the public:

	London pric. 1772.	Dutch pric. 1772.	London pric. 1827.	Dutch pric. 1827.
Bohea..	1*s.* 10.25*d*.	..2*s.* 0 5*d*.	1*s.* 7*d*.	....0*s.* 5.4*d*
Congou...	3 0.25	..3 7.875	2 5.8	....1 0.9
Hyson....	7 4	.....6 8.6875	4 11	....2 7.125
Average	4 0.75	....4 1.6875	2 11.9	....1 4.47

From this statement it appears, that the Company's teas, since 1772, have fallen in price about 25 percent. only, whilst those of the Dutch have fallen above 66 per cent.

'The prime cost of the Company's tea, in China, on an average of several years, according to their own showing, is 1*s.* 4½*d.* per lb. They are sold, at their sales in London, at an advance of 92 per cent. The advance on Dutch and American teas, beyond the price in China, is only 48 per cent estimated by a comparison of the Canton with the New York and Antwerp statements.

'For the annual average consumption of tea in the United Kingdom, or at least for the average sales of the East India Company, your Company, your Committee will take the amount in 1824, the latest which happens to be in their possession, and which exceeds the average of the four preceding year's sales by 1,000,000 lbs. per year. This is 28,300,000 lbs. The sale amount of this, calculated by recent, London Price Current is 3,686,682*l*. At the American or Continental prices, this tea would cost 2,950,178*l*.: the difference is the yearly gain of the Company by its evasion of the Law, * viz. 736,504*l*.

'By the 24th Geo. III. cap. 38, the Company are directed to sell their teas to the highest bidder, if an advance of one penny per pound is offered; the putting up price not to exceed, upon the whole tea sold in each sale, the prime cost, freight charges, lawful interest from the arrival of such tea in Great Britain, and the common premium of insurance for sea risk. The advance upon the Company's putting up price is usually above 30 per cent., which is, of course, the profit derived by them from their monopoly. They make their charges, therefore, as prescribed by statute, no less than 62 per cent.

'The prime cost of 28,300,000 lbs. of tea in China being 1,945,624*l*., it follows that their charges amount to 1,206,208*l*. It will be instructive to know how the Company makes out these exorbitant charges. The following are specimens taken from their accounts for the year 1822-23, when the quantity of tea sold was 27,700,000 lbs.

Charges in China	£50,649
Ditto in England	176,841
Commission and allowance to supercargoes	79,516
	£307,006

'When the East India Company have been charged with a violation of the laws made for the protection of the people of this country, through the extortion of the tea monopoly, the only plausible, attempt at explanation made by their advocates has been, that *their* teas, though called by the same names with those used in America and on the Continent, are in reality of a superior quality. This is at best a mere assertion; but it is also an assertson which will not bear the slightest touch of examination. Those who receive the cheapest teas will, of necessity, consume the best, if there will be any thing at all like equality in their respective circumstances. A pound of hyson tea costs in America, duty included, 4*s.* 7*d*. In London, it would cost full 19*s.* 7¾*d*., or 131 per cent. more. No wealth, no tea-drinking propensity, can stand against such a fact as this. The Americans, in reality, consume infinitely better teas than we do. The proof of this is complete. In one hundred parts of the American consumption, there are seventy-nine parts of green tea to twenty-one of black. In the English consumption, the proportions are exactly reversed. Now, as all green teas are more valuable than all black teas by full 48 per cent., it is clear that the Americans are consumers of teas of a superior quality to ours. Further, in the whole American consumption, bohea tea, the lowest description, forms but one-forth part; in ours, it forms at least one-sixteenth part.

'The East India Company is bound by the 24 Geo. c. 38, or the Commutation Act, to furnish the country with a supply of tea adequate to the demand. Your Committee have now to enquire, whether they have fulfilled the conditions of their charter in this respect. It will be easy to show that they have not. If the year 1800, when the population of the United Kingdom was 15,149,258, the whole quantity of tea on which duty was paid was 26,398,805 lbs., which gives an average of 27¾ ounces per head per annum for each individual. In 1810, when the population may be estimated at 18,534,659, the quantity on which duty was paid was 28,469,736 lbs, giving only 24½ ounces per head. In 1820, the quantity, duty paid, was 26,100,000lbs, and, the population being estimated at 21,193,451, the average per head falls to 19½ ounces; or, in 20 years, the supply had diminished, as compared with the population, by 29¾ per cent!!

'At present, the consumption may be taken, as has been already stated, at 28,300,000lbs, and the population being estimated at 22,700,000, the average per head is near 20 ounces. * The consumption of tea, therefore, in reference to the numerical population only, and without any relation at all to the augmented wealth and comfort of the people, instead of increasing, as it would have done in a free trade, has fallen off in twenty six years by 28 per cent. Instead of being, as it is at present, 28,300,000lbs, it ought, in fact, to have been, even under the monopoly system, no less then 39,556,582lbs;—so much for the services of the East India Company to the nation.'

'The American commerce with China, of which your Committee will now give a brief sketch, affords perhaps, of all others, the evidence which is most to their purpose. On the average of the first years of the American commerce, down to the year 1800, their annual exportations of tea did not exceed 2,735,090lbs. On the average of the three first years of their renewed intercourse with China, after their last war with Great Britain, they exported 5,607,173lbs. yearly. On the average of the years 1825, their exports had increased to 13,314,449lbs.

'The exports of the Americans from China, it will be seen by this, have increased in twenty-five years, 387 per cent. Those of the East India Company, in the same time, have increased only 23 per cent; indeed, for the greater part of the time, they have been stationary or retrograding.

'Excepting that to Great Britain and Canada, the East India Company have no trade from China to any other country whatsoever. The Americans carry on a trade from thence to the Continent of Europe; to South America, to the Philippine and Sandwich Islands, which, o the three last countries, is increasing year af er year; so that the extent of it, at its Chinese valuation, amounted, in 1825, to 229,505*l*. In the year 1805, the whole imports of the Americans into China amounted to 740,795*l*. In 1825, they rose to 1,620,062*l*., and their exports being 1,823,442*l*, made their whole Chinese trade 3,443,504*l*.'

* The law (18 Geo. II. c. 26.) which provides that the Company 'shall keep the price of tea in this kingdom upon an equality with the price thereof in other neighbouring countries of Europe.'

* 'Tea is exported direct from China to New South Wales, and the yearly consumption of that colony was reckoned, three years ago, at about 3000 chests per annum. or 210,000 lbs. The population in 1821 was 40,000. It may perhaps be estimated three years ago at 50,000; this gives a rate of consumption of 65 ounces. Our present consumption being about twenty ounces per head, it appears that the poor convict population of New South Wales consumes tea in more than a three-fold proportion to the free and wealthy people of the United Kingdom. How prodigiously would the trade of this country be increased, if our trade with China were left equally unfettered—what great accession to the reveuue would it bring! Your Committee forbear to go into any calculations founded upon these data; for they must be so obvious as to strike the most cursory reader. It is true, that the high duties paid to the Crown restrict our consumption; but still our superior wealth, as compared with that of the population of New South Wales, would go far to compensate for this.'

THE ATHENÆUM.—FEB. 4.

THE VISION OF A GODDESS WORLD.

(From the German of John Paul Richter.)

[A CONSIDERABLE portion of the following extraordinary composition is inserted by Madame de Stael in her work on Germany; (part ii., chap. xxvii.) But it is greatly defaced there, in part by the ragged and disjointed condition in which it is brought forward, and partly by that haze of indistinctness which French translators seem to be led by their language to throw over every thing lying beyond the narrow scope of their poetical eye-sight, not to mention sundry inaccuracies to which the English version has superadded the somewhat ludicrous subtitution of *splendid basilites* for *fiery basilisks*, thus converting a serpent into a church, a place such reptiles are not in the habit of frequenting, unless we can bestow that name on the temple of Pandemonium. Still, even under that form, it has been read by many who have been strongly impressed with the power and intensity of the conception; and perhaps these, and others too, it may be, will not be displeased to see it in a dress more resembling the one it received from its father. A variety of like compositions are scattered through the sixty volumes of John Paul's works; and the reader may find one done into excellent English by his great admirer amongst us,—an admirer, too, who is almost his rival in pourtraying the fantastic progeny of sleep, in the ninth volume of 'The London Magazine,' p.249.]

If my heart should ever become so hapless and so withered, that every feeling in it which asserts the being of God should be destroyed, I would appal myself by reading over the following composition of mine; and would cure me and give me back the feelings I had lost.

The aim of this poem is the excuse for its boldness. Men deny God's being with just as little feeling as most acknowledge it with. Even in our best systems of philosohy, we go on amassing mere words, counters and medals, as misers collect cabinets of coins; and it is late before we convert the words into feelings, the coin into enjoyments. A person may believe in the immortality of the soul through twenty whole years; and in the twenty-first, on some great moment, be for the first time astounded at

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be riches contained in this belief, at the warmth of this fountain of naptha.

Just so was I terrified by the poisonous vapour that steams forth to choke the heart of him who for the first time sets foot in the Anti-church of atheism. It would give me less pain to deny immortality, than to deny God: the former act only robs me of a world that is enveloped in clouds; the latter snatches from me the present world; that is, its sun: the whole spiritual universe is blown up and shattered by the hand of atheism into numberless quicksilver atoms of beings, that glimmer, and course, and roam, and rush together and asunder, without unity or permanence. No one is so utterly forlorn in the universe as the denier of God: he moans with an orphan heart that has lost its Almighty Father, beside the vast corpse of nature, which no living spirit animates or holds together, but which grows in the grave; and his mourning ceases not until he crumbles away from that corpse. The whole world lies before him, like the great Egyptain stone Sphynx, half-buried in sand; and the universe is the cold iron mask of a formless eternity.

It is my further view, by this poem to alarm certain reading or deep-read doctors; for, of a truth, these people now-a-days, since they have been taken, like captives condemned to hard labour, by our new philosophy for the task-work of its drainage and mining, will canvass the existence Of God as coldbloodedly, and as coldheartedly, as if the question were about the existence of the unicorn or the kraken.

For the sake of others who have not advanced so far as these learned doctors, I will yet remark that the belief in atheism and the belief in immortality may co-exist without any contradiction; for the self-same necessity which in this life has cast the light dew-drop of my being into a flower-cup beneath the sun, may re-produce it in a second; nay, it would be easier to give me a second body than the first.

On being told in our childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep comes nigh to our soul and darkens our very dreams, the dead raise themselves out of theirs, and walk into the house of God, and there mimic the worship offered to him by the living, we are wont to shudder at death for the sake of the dead: and in our lonely walks at night we turn away our eyes from the long windows of the still church, and fear to examine the gleams upon them, whether they fall from the moon.

Childhood, with her joys, and still more with her fears, resumes her wings, and sparkles anew in our dreams, and plays like a glow-worm in the little night of the soul. Do not extinguish these flitting sparks. Leave us even our dismal and painful dreams; they are half-shadows that set off the realities of life. And what have they to give us in the room of these dreams, which carry us up out of the roar beneath the cataract of the quiet hill of childhood, where the stream of life was still flowing onward in silence along its little grass-plot, bearing the face of heaven in its heart, on its way toward the precipice.

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sun, upon a hill, and fell asleep. Then I dreamt I awoke in a church-yard. The rolling wheels of the clock in the tower that was striking eleven, had awakened me. I searched through the dark empty sky for the sun; for I imagined that an eclipse had drawn the veil of the moon over it. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swung to and fro by invisible hands: along the walls shadows were flitting, which no one cast; and other shadows were walking upright through the naked air. In the open coffins nothing continued to sleep, save the children. In the sky there was nought but a grey sultry cloud hanging in massy folds, and a huge shadow kept on drawing it in like a net, nearer and closer and hotter. Above me, I heard the distant falls of avalanches; below me, the first tread of an illimitable earthquake. The church heaved up and down, shaken by two ceaseless discords, which were warring against each other within, and vainly striving to blend into a concord. At times a grey gleam leapt up on the windows, and at its touch the lead and iron melted and ran down. The net of cloud, and the reeling of the earth drove me toward the porch, before which two fiery basilisks were hatching their venomous broods. I passed along amid unknown shadows that bore the marks of every century since the beginning of things. All the shadows were standing around the altar; and in each there was a quivering and throbbing of the breast instead of the heart. One dead man alone, who had been newly buried in the church, was still lying on his couch without any quivering of his breast; and his face was smiling beneath the light of a happy dream. But, when one of the living entered, he awoke and smiled no more: to look coldly he drew up his heavy eyelid, but no eye was within; and his beating breast, instead of a heart, contained a wound. He lifted up his hands, and clasped them for prayer; but the arms lengthened and lowered themselves from his body, and the clasped hands dropped off. Overhead, in the vault of the church, stood the diel-plate of Eternity, on which no number was to be read, nor any characters except its own name; only there was a black hand pointing thereat, on which the dead said they saw *Time*.

At this moment, a tall majestic form with a countenance of imperishable anguish sank down from on high upon the altar; and all the dead cried: 'Christ! is there no God?'

He answered:—'There is no God!'

The shadow of every dead man trembled all over, not his breast merely; and, one after another, their trembling dispersed them.

Christ spake on:—'I have gone through the midst of the worlds, I mounted into the suns, and flew with the milky way across the wilderness of heaven; but there is no God. I plunged down, as far as Being flings its shadow, and pried into the abyss, and cried:—Father, where art thou? but I heard only the everlasting tempest, which no none sways; and the glittering rainbow of beings was hanging, without a sun that had formed it, over the abyss, and trickling down into it. And, when I looked up towards the limitless world for the eye of God, the world stared at me with an empty bottomless eyesocket; and Eternity was lying upon chaos, and gnawing it to pieces, and chewing the end of what it had devoured. —Scream on, ye discords, scatter these shades with your screaming: for He is not!'

The shadows grew pale and dissolved, as white vapour that the frost has given birth to is melted by a breath of warmth; and the whole church became empty. Then—Oh it was terrible to the heart!—the dead children, who had awaked in the church-yard, ran into the church, and threw themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said:—'Jesus! have we no father?' And he answered with tears streaming down:—'We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a father.'

Here the screeching of the discords became more violent; the walls of the church tottered and burst asunder; and the church and the children sank down; and the whole earth and the sun sank after; and the whole of the immeasurable universe sank before us; and Christ remained standing upon the highest pinnacle of nature, and gazed into the globe of the universe, pierced through by a thousand suns, as it were into a cavern, burrowed into the heart of eternal night, wherein the suns were running like miners' lights and the galaxies like veins of silver.

And when Christ saw the crushing throng of worlds, the torch-dance of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral banks of bearing hearts, and when he saw how one globe after another poured out its glimmering souls upon the dead sea, as a water-balloon strews its floating lights upon the waves;—then with a grandeur that betokened the highest of finite beings, he lifted up his eye toward the nothingness and toward the infinite void above him, and said:—'Moveless and voiceless nothing! cold eternal necessity! frantic chance; can ye, or any of you, tell me? when do you dash to pieces the building and me? Dost thou know it, O chance! even thou, when thou smitest with thy hurricanes athwart the snowdust of the stars, and puffest out one sun after another, while the sparkling dew of the constellations is parched up as thou passest along! How desolate is every one in the vast catacomb of the universe! There is none beside me save myself.—O, Father! where is thy world-sustaining breast, that I may rest on it! Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why may it not also become its own destroying angel?

Is that a man still beside me? Poor wretch! your little life is one of nature's sighs, or the mere echo of it; a mirror flings its rays on the clouds of dust from the ashes of the dead on your earth, and, forthwith, ye spring up, ye beclouded, fleeting images. Look down into the abyss, over which clouds of ashes are floating; mists, full of worlds, are rising out of the dead sea; the future is that rising mist, and that which is falling is the present. Dost thou know thy own earth?

Here Christ looked down, and his eye filled with tears, and he said: 'Alas, I was once upon it; then I was still happy; then I had still an Almighty Father, and still looked with gladness from the mountains to the unfathomable heavens; and when my breast was pierced through, I pressed it to his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death—Father, draw forth thy son from his bleeding tabernacle, and raise him to thy heart. Ah! ye over-happy inhabitants of the earth, ye still believe in Him. Perchance, at this moment, your sun is setting, and ye are falling on your knees in the midst of blossoms and radiance and dew, and are lifting up your blessed hands, and, while shedding a thousand tears of joy, are crying to the open heavens: Me, too, even me, dost thou know, thou Almighty One, and all my wounds, and after my death thou wilt receive me and close them all. Miserable creatures, after death they will never be closed. The woe-begone mortal who lays his bleeding back in the earth, to sleep till the coming of a fairer morning, full of truth, full of goodness and joy, will awake amid the storms of chaos, in the eternity of midnight; and no morning comes and no healing hand, and no Almighty Father. Thou mortal beside me, if thou still lives, pray to Him now, else thou hast lost him ever.'

And, as I fell down and beheld the shining world, I saw the uplifted scales of the giant-clock, Eternity, that had spread itself around the universe; and the scales dropped down, and it wreathed itself twice round the universe; then it twined in a thousand folds around Nature, and squeezed world against world; and, with a crushing force, compressed the temple of infinity into a village church; and every thing grew narrow, and murky, and dismal, and the clapper of a bell stretched out its measureless length, about to strike the last hour of time, and to split the fabric of the world to atoms——when I awoke.

My soul wept with joy that it was again able to worship God; and my joy, and my tears, and my faith in him, were my prayer. And, as I stood up, the sun was glowing low down behind the full purple ears of corn, and was quietly throwing the reflection of its evening glory to the little moon that was rising without a dawn in the east; and between heaven and earth a joyous short-lived world was spreading out its tiny wings, and, living, as I was, in the presence of an Almighty Father; and from the whole of nature around me came sounds of peace, like the voices of evening bells from afar.

F. C. H.

RATIONALE OF PENDULOUS PIETY.

(From the Examiner, February 8.)

BURKE, the Edinburgh murderer, has added another shining example to the long list of remarkably pious individuals who have lately made the gallows a step to immortal glory. These instances are the more necessary as well is curious in an age when infidelity has been malignantly traced to the death-beds of a Canning and a Woollaston. It is well that the suspected deficiencies of Statesmen and Philosophers are more than counterbalanced by the professed fulness of devotion of our robbers and cut-throats. There is one serious danger however to be regarded, namely, that the eminent piety of the land has too obvious a tendency to seek its mortal dismissal at the rope's end. This disposition is referable to several causes. It may be, that persons who find in themselves an abundance of religious sentiment, are unwilling to let it pass away in the privacy of a natural death, and that they therefore take measures to furnish in their own persons those public examples of piety, which are so mightily necessary to the edifications of a lax and liberal* age. Whatever may be the motive of the present obvious *demination* of plethoric devotion to the drop, the effect is too palpably an alarming diminution of the Saints, who are thus passing themselves away, as it were, incog, or spontaneous martyrs in the disguise of murderers. Posterity, observing these appearances, will not fail to attribute the concession of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, to the fact, that the piety of the nation had all come to the gallows in the five preceding years. Thurtell, Haywarth, Corder, and other holy men, will be numbered in the catalogue of the illustrious, who have disappeared from the world's stage, *via* drop, at a period which especially called for the strenuous exertions of their religious zeal. Thurtell's loyalty was even more remarkable than his devotion, and he would have wrestled for the Throne as courageously and constantly as for the Altar, or for Mr. Weare's purse. Corder, who professed an especial dislike to confession, only inasmuch as it smacked of Catholicism, would have headed a Brunswick Club, and adorned it with his orthodoxy. But these and many more such valuable men are gone, satisfied with having presented their holiness in momentary examples, instead of rather continuing its influence in a narrower and more permanent sphere. They have preferred shewing themselves in the brief brilliancy of falling stars, to shining forth with the less striking light of planets. Considering the sum of religion which has figured of late on the gallows, in relation with the declared laxity of the age in that particular, we should be inclined to think that all the pious must have been hung, excepting the Bishops and their Clergy. Such an opinion will account for the sudden turn which the Catholic question has taken. The Duke of Wellington doubtless saw that lay orthodoxy and zeal had expired with the exemplary Corder.

It is true that the last sufferer, Burke, was a Catholic, but we by no means attribute to so liberal an institution as the gallows the detestable narrow spirits of exclusion. On the contrary, it would seem to have an irresistble attraction for the Saints of all creeds and denominations. In a Protestant country, it is, however a Protestant gallows for the most part. Burke, indeed, when the Protestant and Catholic Divines offered their services, at first accepted of them both, probably thinking he had zeal sufficient for the two, and that he might use them as a double-barrel gun for his heavenly aim, but he afterwards changed his mind, and confined himself to the mouth-piece of his faith.

By the way, that psalm which Burke sung (quoted as the 25th), is of a new but comfortable logic—

> "None for thine own name's sake
> O Lord, I thee entreat
> To pardon mine iniquity,
> *For* it is very great."

Marking the *magnitude* of the iniquity an express reason for the pardon, is of an ingenious convenience. But perhaps the measure required *for*; and that is a consideration in verse, to which all other things must cede. Metre before morality.

We have before observed that there is more than one cause to be instanced, in explanation of the exhibitions of piety which the gallows affords; nay, we might say, in explanation of the drop being the principal *public* stage of that virtue, in our lukewarm times; and in a work of the very highest credit and authority, which every observer of the world should turn with a daily and a nightly hand, we find another solution of the phenomenon under consideration. After what we have said, it ought to be unnecessary to add, that we refer to the "Life of M. Jonathan Wild the Great," by Fielding wherein there is a conversation between the Ordinary and the illustrious condemned, which goes far to explain the buoyant spirit with which good folks depart this life by the way of the gallows.

We shall bring our citation, where Mr Wild has proposed a bottle of wine to his spiritual guide, which the Rev. person has declined, from a secret preference to punch, as a liquor no where spoken ill of in Scripture, and withal properer for a draught:—

"*Ordinary:* I will drink no wine with an Atheist.

"*Jonathan*: It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

"*Ordinary*. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the Devil, who is ready to receive you.

"*Jonathan*: You are more unmerciful to me than the Judge, doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to shew me the way thither.

"*Ordinary:* No; gates are barred against the revilers of the clergy

"*Jonathan*: I revile only the wicked ones, if any such there are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the Church by merit only, would long since have been a Bishop. * * * *

Ordinary: Why, it must be confessed that there are bad men in all orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learnt patience and resignation, and I would advise you to the same temper of mind, which, if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a sinner, but *happy it is indeed for those who are detected in their sins and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate, when you came to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of those who die by a halter is not more to be envied than pitied.* Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins; it follows that *whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it.*'

* For this sense of the word Liberal, see Tory Prints passim. It signifies the upsetting of Heaven and Earth, reduction of Salaries, and abatement of sinecures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The King held a Court and privy Council at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday afternoon. The Duke of Willington, Earl Bathurst the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir John Beckett and Mr. Secretary Peel, remained at the Palace to dine with his Majesty.

The Duke of Wellington had a long interview with the King yesterday.

The Duke of Cumberland is still on a visit at Windsor Castle.

Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador, has returned from Paris.

Sir Charles Wetherell has resigned the office of Attorney-General Sir Nicholas Tindal, the Solicitor-General, is expected to succeed him, and either Mr. Sergeant Wilde, or Mr. Sugden will fill the office vacated by Sir N. Tindal. Mr. Sergeant Wilde having yesterday started for the borough of Newark, it strengthens the probability that he is in expectation of the appointment, if he has not already received it.

The Privy Seal is understood to be still in the custody of Lord Ellenborough who resigned it just before the meeting of Parliament, when his Majesty returned it to him. In this case his lordship will hold the office in addition to that of President of the Indian Board.

Chief Justice Clarke, of the Carmarthen circuit, has resigned, and Judge Goulburn alone will hold the ensuing Sessions for that circuit, It is not the intention of Government, to appoint a successor to Chief Justice Clarke until the report of the Commissioners for inquiring into the Welch Jurisdiction shall have been considered.

The Marquis of Ely has contradicted a statement which appeared last week, that he had withdrawn his proxy from the Duke of Wellington. The Marquis still confides it to his Grace with this proviso only, that it be used against any concession to the Catholics.

The parishioners of St. Marylebone are proceeding for a new bill to regulate the Select Vestry. A public meeting in support of the measure will be held on Monday, at which Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. will take the chair.

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